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## The Last Hog of Autumn.

'Tis the last hog of Autumn,  
Left squealing alone;  
All his grunting companions  
Are butchered and gone;  
No pig of his kindred,  
No porker is nigh,  
To help empty the swill trough,  
Or share in his sty.

He'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To starve in the pen,  
Since thy mates are all pork now,  
Die shalt thou with them.

Then thus do I offer  
The knife to thy throat,  
And thou shalt be pickled,  
Like every dead swine.

And may I be present  
When thou art the treat—  
For ham, nose or snoutage,  
Who would not eat?  
When people are hungry,  
And beef can't be had,  
I'm calming the appetite,  
Pork is not bad.

The following beautiful lines are re-  
spectfully commended to such ladies as re-  
quire arguments to keep their husbands at  
home:

I do not care for greatness,  
It is a thing lives too much out of doors.  
'Tis anywhere but home; you will not find it  
Once in a week, in its own house at supper  
With the family. Knock at any hour you  
choose.

And ask for it; nine times in ten they'll send  
you

"To the Senate, or to Forum, or to such  
Or such an one's in quest of it." "This month  
Since Gil took a meal from home, and that  
Was with my brother." If he walks,  
I walk along with him; if I choose, or if I stay  
Behind, it is a race 'twixt him and the time  
He promised to be back again, which is first.  
And when he's back, and the door shut on  
him,

Consummate happy is my world within,  
I never think of any world without."

**Speech of Hon. John C. Breckinridge.**  
FRANKFORT, KY., Dec. 21, 1859.

Vice President Breckinridge spoke to-  
night in the hall of the House of Represen-  
tatives. He discussed briefly the important  
political issues of the day, and assumed a  
bold and decided position on the question  
of slavery. He would stand by the Dred  
Scott decision, which he fully endorsed and  
approved. He denied that Congress posses-  
sed the power to prohibit or abolish slavery  
in the Territories; nor had the Territorial  
legislature any such power. He denounc-  
ed "unfriendly legislation" against slavery  
in the Territories, and held that the South  
should stand by the laws and Constitution,  
and require the same of others. Congress  
could protect slavery in the Territories; and  
ought to do so when necessary, though he re-  
cognized no "necessity existing at this time  
for the enactment of protective laws. He  
then referred in strong terms to the Harper's  
Ferry affair, and declared that the Union was  
continuously endangered by the action of the  
Black Republican party. He opposed still  
furthering and the re-opening of the slave  
trade.

"Sam, why am lawyers like a fisher?  
"I don't meddle wid de subject, Pomp."  
"Why don't ye see, nigger, because dey  
men told of de-bate."

## A Dream.

Mr. Editor:—I have often thought  
I would try to describe to you on pa-  
per an event in my life, to which, af-  
ter an interval of years, my memory  
cannot refer without seriousness, and  
reflecting what a singular creature is  
man, and how wonderfully constituted.  
At night he lays down, and all is well,  
his mind calm and serene; his tired  
limbs are at rest; but the mind is at  
work—thinking, imagining, dream-  
ing. And sometimes very wonderful  
thoughts pass through our restless  
minds, while we sleep. I believe just  
here I will tell the readers of the Cour-  
ier a dream of mine. It was no stran-  
ger than true.

Some years ago, when there was so  
much excitement about knocking spir-  
its, I, with many others, was ranked  
among the unbelievers. I could not  
begin to believe the reports, although  
established by people of veracity, as  
I had never saw or heard anything  
like knocking, tables moving, chairs  
dancing, or anything like it. But peo-  
ple said so—yes, and people I should  
have believed had they told me any-  
thing else. But I could not think that  
the Good Man would suffer such wizar-  
ds and witches to roam at large  
through this lower world, to scare us  
all to death for nothing. Well, one  
night I was all alone in my room, and  
of course was listening to hear the  
raps of the departed spirits, or see the  
chairs and tables turn somersaults.  
And as all was silent, at last I fell  
asleep and dreamed. I thought that  
I was in a store buying goods, and  
there came in a group of mediums,  
with faces dark and forbidding. I was  
rather afraid of them, as the room  
grew dark as they entered. I started  
with a rash for the door, and when I  
was fairly outside, I just my eyes a-  
round, and everything appeared bright  
and dazzling, the sun shone beautif-  
fully, and the fields were crowned with  
flowers of splendor; all I beheld seem-  
ed to dance for joy. I gladly started  
for home that my friends there might  
rejoice with me over these delightful  
scenes. I had not gone far when I  
was overtaken by a young gentleman,  
who accompanied me home, and told  
me those dark figures were mediums,  
or spirits of the departed; and that  
they might overtake and frighten me  
to death. Why, said I, who ever heard  
of a medium scaring a person to  
death? Then all at once I heard a  
strange unearthly sound overhead, and  
plainly saw a large company of medi-  
ums, or angels, in the air, all making  
a curious but beautiful noise, and one  
very beautiful one came over and fol-  
lowed me, and I thought my father  
was with them, and when I was so  
happy I awoke, and behold it was a  
dream. So I sat down and wrote—  
Oh! Wil iam, William, such a dream  
As I have had to-night—  
Such fields, and flowers, and bright array,  
And such a heavenly sight.  
Methought while slumbering on my bed  
A mighty angel came;  
Its eyes were stars, its breast was gold,  
Its wings were tipped with flame;  
It hung above me, William, yes,  
As once my father did,  
Before they bore him far away,  
Beneath the coffin lid.

## SALLIE SALT MARSH.

When I awoke, said Springgins, at  
the house of my deceased friend, he was per-  
spiring his last. I stood by his bedside and  
said, as he was too far gone to talk, brother,  
if you feel happy, squeeze my hand, and he  
squeezed it.

Eye was not so smart as her daugh-  
ters; she was cheated by Satan, but they  
generally beat the devil.

## Conking up an Expression.

A brace of "lovers," anxious to secure  
each other's shadow ere the substantial  
faded, stepped into the Ambrotype Gal-  
lery of our friend Evans, one day last week, to  
sit for their "pictures." The lady gave pre-  
cedence to her swain, who, she said, "had  
got to be tucked fast, and real natural." He  
brushed up his tow-head of hair, gave a  
twist or two to his handkerchief, asked his  
girl if his shirt collar looked about X, and  
planted himself in the operator's chair,  
where he assumed the physiognomical char-  
acteristics of a poor mortal in a dentist's  
hands, and about to part with one of his  
eye-teeth. "Now, dew look purty!" begged  
the lady, casting at him one of her most  
languishing glances. The picture was ta-  
ken, and when produced it reminded the  
girl, as she expressed it, "just how Josh  
looked when he got over the measles!" and  
as this was not an era in her suitor's history  
particularly worthy of her commemoration,  
she insisted that "he should stand again."—  
He obeyed and she attended him to the chair.  
The poor fellow tried to follow the inde-  
finite injunction.

"I don't see if there is folks around!"  
One direction followed another, but with  
as little success. At last, growing im-  
patient, and becoming desperate, she resolved  
to try an expedient which she considered  
infallible and exclaimed:

"I don't keep if there is folks around!"  
She enjoined the operator to stand at his  
camera, she then sat in her feller's lap, and  
placing her arms around his neck, managed  
to cast a shower of flaxen ringlets between  
the operator and her proceedings, which,  
however, were betrayed by a succession of  
stomorous sounds, which revealed her expe-  
dient. When this "bubbling and cooing" had  
lasted a few minutes, the crouching gal jump-  
ed from Josh's lap, and clapping her hands  
cried to the astonished artist:

"Now you've got him, put him through!"

## Curing, Smoking and Keeping Hams.

Formerly I tried keeping hams and shoul-  
ders in salt, and also in grain, but they  
would dissolve the salt or mould in the grain.  
I then tried keeping them in pounded char-  
coal, with no better effect. I next tried  
dry ashes, but unless the hams were very  
dry when put up, they would taste of the  
ashes. I then tried sewing them up in  
coarse cloth and white-washing them sev-  
eral times over, as I had seen them in that  
condition in market; but they did not keep  
well—would either mould or the time would  
crack and the flies get in.

For a number of years I have adopted a  
new method and never failed to keep them  
sweet and free from mould or flies. I pre-  
pared a sack for each ham: A yard square  
of good sheeting is sufficient for a good  
sized ham. After the hams are smoked, and  
before flies have infected them, I put them  
up, one in a sack. I take sweet hay, and  
cut it [in a cutting box] about one inch  
long, and fill in the sack and around the  
ham, so that the ham cannot touch the bag.  
Tie a cord around the open end and hang  
them up in the smoke-house, or some cool-  
dry place, and they can be kept any length  
of time; the bag will keep away the flies  
and allow the moisture to escape so they  
will not mould.

## "My Father's Comin'"

A young urchin, before the new act was  
employed to sweep the chimney of a house  
in Macclesfield, and having ascended to the  
summit of his profession" took a survey.—  
This completed, he prepared to descend, but,  
mistaking the flue, he found himself on his  
landing, in the office of the limb of the law,  
whose meditations were put to flight. The  
sensation of both parties it is impossible to  
describe—the boy, terrified, lest he should  
be punished, stood riveted to the spot, and  
the lawyer, struck dumb, started from his  
seat, the very image of horror, but spoke  
not. Sooty, however, soon found a tongue,  
and in accents which only increased the  
terrors of the man of the law, cried out:—  
"My father's cummin' directly."

This was enough. The presence of an  
equivocal being, so introduced, unnerved his  
heart; with one bound, the affrighted lawyer  
drew down stairs, and sought refuge in the  
street, from the enemy. Lawyers take warn-  
ing.

Necessity knows no law. Well, ne-  
cessity is like a great many lawyers;

The following beautiful piece was  
sent by the author, formerly an editor of the  
Cincinnati Gazette, then of the Louisville  
Courier, but now a farmer in Peewee Valley,  
Ky., to the Frankfort Yeoman, upon read-  
ing a speech of a Kentucky Congressman,  
who said that upon certain conditions Ken-  
tucky would secede from the Union. It is  
a noble tribute to the Union from one of the  
most gifted poets and truest patriots of the  
land:

## Kentucky.

BY WM. D. GALLAGHER.

By the grace of Highest Heaven,  
By the precepts of the good,  
By the blood our sires have given,  
To cement this Brotherhood;  
(This young brotherhood of nations—  
Sovereign each within its sphere,  
Yet to certain obligations  
Lending all a willing ear)—  
By the many recognitions  
Of this Brotherhood we've made;  
By its broad and high conditions,  
To the whole wide world display'd;  
By the great, the good, the glorious,  
Our our civic pages spread;  
By the flag, that floats victorious  
Wherever our sons are led;  
By the living—by the dead—  
If the stars of this brotherhood sever,  
And the rent orbs shoot madly about,  
Kentucky will follow them never,  
But stand by her first fate forever,  
And refuse e'en at last to go out.  
Though the star-spangled banner be torn by  
the gale,  
And orb after orb in its heaven grow pale,  
One star, which till now, with the many has  
shone,  
Will illumine each fold of its glory alone!

II.  
Come with party—come with faction  
Marshaling its threatening host;  
Come complaining of infraction  
Of the laws we cherish most;  
Come a neighbor's customs scorning,  
Threatening them with overthrow;  
Come with words of war or warning,  
Couch'd in phrases high or low;  
Come in heat, or come in coolness,  
From the North, or from the South;  
Come with all the spirit's fullness  
Quivering round the flexible mouth;  
Come with prayer, or malediction—  
Come unknown, or of renown;  
Come with fraud—with fact or fiction—  
Come with smile, or come with frown;  
Still, Kentucky bids you "down!"  
For, should this bright brotherhood sever,  
And its rent stars shoot madly about,  
Kentucky's will follow them never,  
But blaze on the broad blue forever,  
And refuse e'en at last to go out.  
Though the star-spangled banner be torn by  
the gale,  
And orb after orb in its heaven grow pale,  
One star, which till now with the many has  
shone,  
Shall illumine each fold of its glory alone!

"Father," said a young slipper of some  
four summers, "when was the flood?"

"O, my son," replied the parent, "that  
happened a long time ago."

"With we alive then?" persisted the lit-  
tle inquirer.

"No, dear," was the reply, "the flood we  
read of in the Bible happened many thou-  
sands of years ago."

"Well, now," rejoined the boy in great  
disgust, "that is too bad! I thought Tom  
Brown—another youngster of the same age  
—with fibbin. He thaid to me thith morning  
that he was there then, and waded through!"

In one of our courts lately, a man  
who was called on to appear as a witness  
could not be found. On the Judge asking  
where he was, a grave elderly gentleman  
rose up, and with much emphasis, said:

"Your honor, he's gone."

"Gone! gone!" said the Judge, "where is  
he gone?"

"That I cannot inform you," replied the  
communicative gentleman; "but he is dead."

This is considered the most guarded an-  
swer on record.

There is now living, near Athens,  
Alabama, a woman who is married to her  
right husband! She generally becomes a  
widow every two years, and gets married  
again the first good chance. She is "one  
of the gals."

## The University Lands.

The Board of Trustees of the State Uni-  
versity, at their November meeting, 1859,  
ordered the University lands to be sold in  
the several counties on the following days,  
in the months, to-wit: The lands in

County	Month	Day
White	January	17
Jasper	"	19
Pulaski	"	21
Fulton	"	24
Miami	"	25
Greene	"	31
Martin	February	4
Orange	"	4
Crawford	"	7
Perry	"	9
Spencer	"	11
Warren	"	14
Dubois	"	15
Pike	"	18
Knox	"	20
Sullivan	"	21

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.

The President's message was transmitted  
to the Senate this morning. On the Terri-  
torial question he says that new States  
should be admitted with or without slavery,  
as their constitutions may prescribe. This  
principle has been recognized by almost the  
unanimous vote of the last Congress. A  
lawful means at his command have been em-  
ployed, and will continue to be employed  
against the slave trade. Our history  
proves that the fathers of the republic in ad-  
vance of all other nations, condemned the  
slave trade. The Chinese treaty ratifica-  
tions were exchanged through supplemental  
conventions pending relating to the rights  
of Americans in China and transit duties.—  
The Paraguay difficulties have been satisfac-  
torily adjusted. Our relations with France,  
Russia, and all the continental govern-  
ments of Europe, Spain, perhaps excepted,  
continue most friendly. An appropriation  
ought to be made to meet the demands of  
the Amistad claimants. His views in rela-  
tion to the acquisition of Cuba by fair pur-  
chase remain unchanged. He therefore in-  
vites the attention of Congress to this im-  
portant subject.

A NOBLE SENTIMENT—Some true heart  
has given expression of his generous nature  
in the following beautiful, noble sentiment:  
'Never desert a friend when enemies  
gather round him; when sickness fall on the  
heart—when the world is dark and cheerless  
—it is the time to try a friend. Those who  
run from the scene of distress, betray their  
hypocrisy and prove that interest only moves  
them. If you have a friend who loves you  
and studies your interest and happiness, be  
sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him  
feel that his former kindness is appreciated  
and that his love is not thrown away.—  
Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in  
the heart. Who has not seen and felt its  
power? They deny its worth who never  
loved a friend, or labored to make a friend  
happy.'

A NEIGHBORLY CORRESPONDENCE.—Mr.  
Thompson presents his compliments to Mr.  
Simpson, and begs to request that he will  
keep his pigs from trespassing on his  
grounds.

Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to  
Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that, in  
future he will not spell pigs with two gees.—  
Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson,  
and will feel obliged if he add the letter E  
to the last word in the note just received, so  
as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady.

Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's  
letter unopened—the impertinence it con-  
tains being only equalled by its vulgarity.

CATCHING FISH.—They have a curious  
way of catching fish down on New river.  
The fisherman lies down on the bank, with  
his head over the stream, holding a worm in  
his mouth. The fish, attracted by the spi-  
ral workings of the worm to escape, jumps  
at it. At this moment the dexterity of the  
fisherman is evinced. He suddenly opens  
his mouth and catches the fish between his  
teeth. One old man we saw down there  
had worn all his teeth off catching fish.—  
Fact!—Baton Rouge Sugar.

A SENATOR ELECTED.—We have informa-  
tion to day, per telegraph, of the election of  
Colonel Wigfall to fill the seat in the United  
States Senate lately occupied by Gen-  
eral Sam Houston. Colonel W. is the rep-  
resentative of extreme Southern sentiments  
upon the slavery question. His majority on  
joint ballot was two. His will prove one of  
the finest orators of the body, doubtless, for  
he has hardly a superior as a debater in all  
the Union.—Washington Star.